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The Olive Percival  
Collection of  
Children's Books

# THE ORPHANS

ALSO THE ORPHAN BOY.



J. ROBERTS, LEEDS.



## THE ORPHANS.

My Chaise the Village Inn did gain,  
Just as the setting sun's last ray,  
Tipt with refulgent gold the vane  
Of the Old Church, across the way.

There many a humble green grave shew'd  
Where want, and pain, and toil did rest ;  
And many a flattering stone I view'd,  
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.

A faded beech, its shadow brown,  
Grew o'er the grave where sorrow slept ;  
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,  
Two ragged children sat, and wept.

“ My little children, let me know  
Who you, in such distress appear ;  
And why you, wasteful, from you throw  
The bread that many a heart would cheer ?”

The little Boy, in accents sweet,  
Replied,—while tears each other chas'd,—  
“ Lady, we've not enough to eat ;  
And if we had, we would not waste.

But Sister Mary's naughty grown ;  
And will not eat whate'er I say ?  
Though sure I am the bread's her own,  
And she has tasted none to-day.”

“ Indeed,” the half-starved Mary said,  
“ ’Till Henry eats I’ll eat no more :  
For yesterday I got some bread—  
He’s had none since the day before.”

With looks that told a tale of woe,—  
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,  
The shivering boy did nearer draw,  
And thus their tale of woe impart :

“ Before my father went away,  
Entic’d by bad men o’er the sea,  
Sister and I did nought but play ;  
We liv’d beside yon great ash tree.

“ And then poor mother did so cry,  
And look’d so chang’d I cannot tell :  
She told us that she soon would die,  
And bade us love each other well.

“ She said that when the war was o’er,  
Perhaps we might our father see ;  
But if we never saw him more,  
That God our Father then would be. ”

“ She kiss’d us both, and then she died ;  
And we no more a mother have :  
Here many a day we’ve sat and cried,  
Together, on poor mother’s grave.

“ But when our father came not here,  
I thought if we could find the sea,  
We should be sure to find him there ;  
And once again might happy be.

“ We, hand in hand, went many a mile,  
And ask’d the way of all we met ;  
And some did sigh, and some did smile,  
And we of some did victuals get,

“ But when we reach’d the sea, and found  
’Twas one great water round us spread,  
We thought that father must be drowned ;  
And cried and wish’d we both were dead.

“ So we returned to mother’s grave ;  
And only long with her to be :  
For Goody, when this bread she gave,  
Said, father died beyond the sea.

“ Then, since no parents have we here,  
We’ll go and search for God around :  
Lady, pray, can you tell us where,  
That God, our Father, may be found ?

“ He lives-in heaven, mother said ;  
And Goody says that mother’s there ;  
So if she thinks we want his aid,  
I think, perhaps, she’ll send him here.

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,  
And cried—"Come both and live with me ;  
I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,  
And will a second mother be.

"And God will be your Father still ;  
'Twas he in mercy sent me here,  
To teach you to obey his will,  
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."





THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER;  
OR,  
**THE ORPHAN BOY.**

Ye children whom no absent joy,  
Has caus'd your hearts to grieve,  
Come, pity the poor Orphan Boy,  
And grant him some relief.

My father died, and went to rest,  
Ere I could lisp his name ;  
And sorrow wrung my mother's breast,  
And shook her tender frame.

He in the silent grave doth sleep,  
Close by the church-yard wall,  
Where oft my mother went to weep,  
But I wept none at all.

And wondering oft have pass'd it by,  
And view'd the grass so green ;  
But ne'er could tell what made her sigh,  
Where naught but grass was seen.

Ah ! then I did not understand  
The heavy loss I bore ;  
I thought his painted coffin grand,  
And thought but little more.

But joy, like parting sunbeams, fled,  
And troubles hasten'd on ;  
And mother now lay sick in bed ;  
And father I have none.

Her health and spirits quickly fail'd,  
And she was like to die ;  
And when I ask'd her what she ail'd,  
She answered with a sigh :

And utter'd many a fervent prayer,  
That God would bless her son,  
And make me his peculiar care,  
When she was dead and gone.

And when the fatal moment came,  
E'en with her dying breath,  
Sighing, she uttered half my name,  
Then closed her eyes in death.

Still I had friends, and some were kind,  
And promis'd long to be ;  
But soon had something else to mind,  
So never minded me.

Toss'd on the world, and force'd to roam,  
Unpitied and unknown ;  
No friends, no parents, and no home,  
That I could call my own.

Forlorn and wretched is my state,  
Ah ! little do you know,  
The toils and sufferings that await  
The friendless child of woe.

I had a mother—in the dust,  
Her mouldering body lies :  
I had a mother—but I trust,  
Her spirit's in the skies.

I had a mother—kind and true,—  
Whose face no more I see ;  
Ye who have mothers kind to you,  
A moment think on me.

For when my little head did ache,  
And when I did complain,  
She gave me something for to take,  
And made it well again.

But now my little head may ache,  
And now may I complain,  
I have no mother for my sake,  
To make it well again.

I have no mother—else her care,  
Would soon provide a home,  
And teach me many a useful prayer,  
Of better things to come.

And train me up in holy fear,  
And guide my feet to rest ;  
And kindly wipe my falling tear,  
And clasp me to her breast.

These, and a thousand comforts more,  
Should your dear mother die,  
For ever lost, you would deplore,  
And weep, as well as I.

Consider, then, what you enjoy,  
And gaze awhile on me,  
And pity the poor Orphan Boy,  
No friends, no home, has he.







